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Around the World to Persia

Letters

BY
KATE JACKSON



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LOS ANGELES

To O. S. W.
from T. S.

New York
Nov. 12th 1920.

AROUND THE WORLD TO
PERSIA

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AROUND THE WORLD TO PERSIA

LETTERS WRITTEN WHILE ON THE JOURNEY AS A
MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN-PERSIAN
RELIEF COMMISSION IN 1918

BY

KATE JACKSON

(MRS. A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON)

NEW YORK

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AMONG FRIENDS

1920

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PREFATORY NOTE

These letters were written by my wife to her sister, Mrs. William N. Pratt, of Savannah, Georgia, while we were on our way around the world in wartime to Persia as members of the American-Persian Relief Commission in 1918. Although quite personal in character, they present a picture of experiences under somewhat unusual conditions and during a very memorable period. They are reproduced here exactly as they were written, with hardly a word altered, and only a few copies have been printed, not for publication, but to be given to some special friends who had expressed a desire to read them.

A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

NEW YORK,
August 1, 1920

LETTER I

JAPANWARD

On board the S. S. "Katori Maru"
June 16th, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

So far the trip has been fine. We sailed at noon June 7th. and not a single qualm have I had. The ocean seems very big and lonely, for we have not seen a solitary vessel; but our own is most comfortable. It is not very large, so the passengers come in contact a good deal, but they are a very nice lot. We have British naval officers, English civilians connected in some way with the Orient, Canadians, French, Americans, Danes, Japs, a diplomat from Chili, the Swedish Ambassador to Japan and in the second class, some Russians. Our cabin is quite large, and besides a cupboard, a chest of drawers and ourselves, contains three steamer trunks, two hat boxes, and six large bags, all, as you know, packed to bursting point. We are scarcely even conscious there of the machinery, and as both the dining-room and the Social Hall are equally quiet, it is easy to read and work. We four, Dr. Cook, Mr. McDowell and ourselves have a table in a corner and are waited on by a splendid steward. We all do full justice to the excellent meals, never forgetting the compressed meat tablets, in our trunks, for future use.

Queer things happen far from home and we have actually lost a day. Friday June 14th. did not exist. Fortunately for Mr. McDowell, it was not the "Sabbath", as he is looking forward to holding service this a. m.

Last Sunday he had a little service in his cabin for just us four; he is as good as gold, a staunch Presbyterian, and with

a very keen sense of humor and as a teller of good stories, he can't be beat. Dr. Cook is one of the most lovable men I ever met, and we are both devoted to him already.

We expect to arrive in Yokohama on the 21st. and I hope, go by train to Nagasaki, spending about a week in Japan. Through a mistake, our tickets on this boat were taken only to Kobe, but we hope to be able to rejoin it at Nagasaki and go to Hong Kong. There we shall probably have to wait some time for a boat to India. Unfortunately the rainy season will still be on in Japan and I fear in India likewise, so if we want to see anything of the former country, we shall have to brave rain and heat. If only all the trip were to be as easy as this!

After luncheon.—The service was very nice, the luncheon afterwards, as acceptable as ever. Oh! the languages in this world; one hardly realizes how many there are till one approaches the Orient. Will and I study Persian every day, and I help him, also, with French; the former seems difficult to me particularly as it is read and spoken backwards.

Dr. Judson, President of the University of Chicago has consented to join the Mission and we are all delighted; I only hope all will go well. Since writing the above, we have had a wireless from a member of the party at Yokohama and he informs us he has accommodation for us all on a P. and O. steamer sailing from Hong Kong July 14th. When one makes a trip of this kind, it really does not seem half as far as appears when one talks it over at home; I find it hard to believe, though that, all going well, I shall walk on Japanese soil in a little over thirty-six hours. This part of the trip has been so delightful, I hate to think of it ending. Not seeing the papers, makes the war seem less vivid, and the perfect rest we have had has been simply fine. The air has been quite cold all the

Japanward

way, only to-day becoming warmer. From Japan on, the heat will be bad and will become almost unbearable on the Indian coast and in the Persian Gulf. If we have to wait any time in India we shall be obliged to go to the Hills.

Perhaps we shall have to sleep on the boat at Yokohama, as we understand every hotel is crowded with Russian refugees. Tokio is only half an hour from there and I believe Kyoto is not very far from Kobe. Nagasaki is down in the South, so we ought to see a little bit of Japan anyhow. I am terribly afraid we shall miss Fujiyama, as if it be rainy no mountain will show itself.

Lovingly,
KATEWILL.

LETTER II

GLIMPSES OF THE ISLAND KINGDOM

On board the "Katori Maru"

June 30th, 1918

DEAR NANNIE:—

I thought it best not to begin a letter to you on land as there were so many interruptions. We landed on the 21st at Yokohama in the most terrific downpour, and as they said it was the rainy season, I feared we should never see the sun. The next day, however, was beautiful. Yokohama is essentially a port, so we went to Tokyo to stay. Electric trams run every few minutes between the two cities, taking about fifty minutes.

I am sorry to say we did not see much of Japan, for, as this is not a pleasure trip, we had always to be on hand for business connected with our Relief Mission. After a long session at the Embassy on Saturday, Will and I were free to spend that afternoon in sight-seeing and we thoroughly enjoyed it. The jinrikisha, which carried us almost everywhere is not a vehicle much to our taste; it is built for the narrow Japanese and not for great hulks like us. I also objected to being drawn by a human being, though Will's tips apparently caused the biped not to share my objections. On this wonderful June afternoon, our first jaunt was to Shiba Park, where we saw a couple of mortuary temples of the Shoguns. They were small but beautiful, with lovely painted ceilings and some very exquisite carved wooden panels. As usual, the exterior interested me almost more than the interior; there were rows of gray stone lanterns, five or six feet high, in which they place lights, I suppose on festival days. As we stood at the top of a

Glimpses of the Island Kingdom

flight of stone steps and looked at one of the temples, it formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Its faded red walls and pale green roof, the pine trees with bright green grass at their base and the blue sky overhead, all so soft in coloring, made a charming combination. Later in the afternoon, we were trundled in our baby-carriages to Ueno Park which must be wonderful in cherry-blossom time. We went into a museum, but were more interested in the grounds. The black rocks, with pink azalea bushes and dwarf trees arranged just in the right way on the loveliest green grass, pleased us so, it was hard to go back to the perambulators.

Saturday night, we went to a sort of a Coney Island. Streets filled with small shops, cafés, side-shows, etc. We went into a people's theatre, 5 cts. entrance, and it certainly was interesting; the house was simply packed with the humblest kind of people and just as many as could stand, even crowded in, the best fire-trap you ever saw. It was a kind of vaudeville and some of the acting was excellent, but we were sorry we could not understand the bantering of the audience; everyone did enjoy it so. After we had seen enough, we went to a high-class theatre and as the hour was late they let us in for nothing; fancy that in New York! The costumes of the actors were beautiful, but the tragedy, as it seemed to be, we found very funny.

Sunday, we went to an American church which bore the high-sounding title of Cathedral, but alas! there were only seventeen people for two ministers to attend to. Afterwards, Dr. Cook, Dr. McDowell and we lunched informally with Ambassador and Mrs. Morris; they are charming, both of them, and much liked by everyone in Tokyo. He is very clever, a thorough gentleman, and very genial, and she is the

kind of American woman one likes foreigners to see; she looked so dainty in a lovely lilac linen gown.

At 8.30 Monday morning, we were received by an old Japanese nobleman, formerly a prominent statesman; someone interpreted for him, so the conversation was not thrilling. Tea was served and the old fellow handed me a bouquet of roses; then we left the European room in which we had talked, and went into the loveliest Japanese reception-room which opened on the garden. Oh! how beautiful this latter was. I should have loved to remain in it for hours.

We have not had a successful time shopping; ready-made clothes are expensive, besides, they don't grow them for people our size. We went into a very pretty department store in Tokyo, not nearly as large as ours. The floors were all covered with matting so they put covers over our shoes; the Japanese slip off their wooden sandals and patter about in their thick stockings, which have a division between the big toe and the others. You can't fancy how funny it sounds in railroad stations and on the pavements to hear the clattering noise these hundreds of flopping shoes make. The people are very quiet and well-behaved and their curiosity is always respectful; but when I tried on kimonos it was too much for them; clerks and shoppers stood at attention until the purchase was completed.

We got pretty tired of Tokyo, but we had to wait until Prince Arthur of Connaught left, before the British Ambassador could be seen. Mr. Morris, who has been most kind, arranged an interview for Dr. Cook, Dr. McDowell and Will; both Ambassadors have promised to keep us informed should they get news of Persia. The last was most disquieting but we thought we had better get on to Bombay as it would be easier to make plans there.

Glimpses of the Island Kingdom

Accordingly, we left for Kobe on the 27th, fortunately we had already caught a glimpse of Fuji, for the morning was too cloudy to give us the view we longed for. The scenery most of the way was very fine, mountains, ocean, bays, and, everywhere, rice fields; the latter were all flooded and were even just outside the houses, yet they say there is no malaria in Japan. The country was dotted with temples, and there were many hamlets so inclosed with trees and hedges, I should think the people would smother. We passed through Kyoto, but unfortunately could not stop, for it is, I believe, the most interesting city in Japan. I should like to see that and Nikko, and that would be enough of this country for me, as there is a great sameness about it. Kobe was nothing, but we had a letter from Mr. Morse to Mr. Shea of the American Trading Co., a man Jack worked with, and he was most attractive. We also looked up Mr. Fraser, a Scotchman we crossed with seven years ago, little thinking when he asked us then to let him know if we went to Kobe, that that place would ever see us. Mr. F. lunched with us and was most agreeable.

The boat's departure was delayed several times, but we got on at 5 o'clock p. m. and sailed at daybreak, Saturday. We were glad to get back on board, and it was very nice to be most cordially greeted by these excellent servants. Our fellow-passengers are very agreeable—no bores who insist on wearying you, but everyone takes care of himself. We are rather running to diplomats; besides the two Ambassadors in Tokyo, we got to know the Swedish Minister and his family, and now we have met the Italian Minister to Siam and his mother who is English and a sister-in-law of the late Lord Pauncefote, Ambassador to America (Hay-Pauncefote treaty, you remember).

Monday, July 1st.—Yesterday, a fog detained us for several hours after we started, but we resumed our voyage about 12.30 and such a glorious treat in the way of scenery I have rarely had as in this Inland Sea. There are hundreds of islands, all sizes, and with picturesque rocks, and beautifully green. There were only a few villages to be seen, but dozens and dozens of fishing-boats with square sails. About 5.30 we neared Nagasaki which we left at 12 to-day, and a more wonderfully beautiful harbor I have never seen, unless it be that of Naples. We ought to have gone ashore last night as there was a picturesque temple and a fine view; but neither of us felt energetic. Will went in this morning and found the place uninteresting, but helped out his meagre tropical wardrobe with some silk shirts. It is going to be so frightfully hot from now on. I should have liked one week in Japan to spend as I pleased; but that I think would be enough. I have travelled so much and done such a lot of conscientious sight-seeing, I find my enthusiasm is somewhat worn out. I have enjoyed meeting people from other countries, and have heard a great deal of interesting conversation; but as this letter has to pass two censors, there is no use passing it on. This is by no means a pleasure trip, as was our last wonderful visit to the Orient, so I find it quite impossible to write anything interesting. I can only hope that all of you who read this letter, will be lenient and will try with your own imaginations to fill in the unwritten voids.

Lovingly

KATEWILL.

P. S. Fancy my forgetting our earthquake which was a very respectable one. One evening in Tokyo, at 10.50 p. m. just as we were about to retire, the door began to shake. I

Glimpses of the Island Kingdom

thought it very extraordinary in this muggy, rainy season, a sudden wind should spring up; then the windows rattled, and finally when the electric lamps swung, Will and I simultaneously exclaimed: "An earthquake!" For a minute the house rocked quite violently, and the sensation was like being on the deck of a steamer during a storm. Our chief sensation, however, was that of curiosity, so there was no place for fear. The next morning, our table boy assured us, it was only a little earthquake!

LETTER III

FROM SHANGHAI TO HONG KONG

Hong Kong,
July 11, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

I mailed you a letter from Shanghai where we spent a couple of days. We stopped, if you please, at the Astor House, and a very poor hotel it was. The city was quite lively, with good but very expensive shops, and many fine residences. One afternoon we drove out to St. John's University, a lovely place with fine grounds. Mr. Pott, the President, was a class-mate of Will's, but unfortunately, he was not at home. Before this, we were very pleasantly entertained by a friend of Dr. Cook, the representative of the U. S. Steel Co., and it certainly was nice to dine at a home table once more.

When the time came for our departure from Shanghai, and we and a large number of bags were put into a ramshackle little cab, we expected to reach our steamer in a few minutes, but the driver and the groom who always goes along, misunderstood directions and took us to the R. R. station. Will shrieked "Katori Maru" Nippon, Yusen Kaisha, the name of our boat and Company. Naturally they did not understand, so I hit on the idea of yelling "Hong Kong boat."—Well, for one hour and a half those celestials drove us about Shanghai. I think we passed through red light, white light, and no light districts, asking the Sikh policemen who understood no English and invariably sent us in the wrong direction. We hesitated to go back to the hotel, as we feared it was miles away.

Finally we reached a boat, dismissed the cab and proceeded to go on board, when we discovered it was not our boat at all. Fortunately there were jinrikishas handy and, with a pack of howling coolies clamoring for more pay, we finally piled in the bags and reached the "Katori" and our somewhat worried friends.

The next morning at 7.30, seventeen Parsis came on board. They said flattering things to Will and we told them how nice we thought *they* were. Then they presented me with a beautiful basket of flowers, gave Will a bouquet, took our pictures and departed. It was a pleasant incident, and reminded us of India seven years ago.

It took us from Friday to Monday to get here to Hong Kong. If Nagasaki harbor is lovely, this is one of the grandest I have ever seen; there is an outer harbor and an inner, with mountains all around. The town is built at the base and on the side of a high mountain called The Peak, the view from which is superb.

We are at a very comfortable hotel, and electric fans keep us alive. Not that the heat is so unbearable, but the humidity is; walking with any comfort is quite out of the question, so we are forced to turn to the human horses. Another vehicle is added to our list here,—a chair on poles borne by two bearers on their shoulders. I dislike the motion very much. We went up to Government House to write our names in the book. Such an ideally situated residence! The Governor and Lady May are at present in their summer home on the Peak, and we have been invited by them to luncheon to-morrow. Our Consul and his wife, very agreeable people, are to be there.

To-day, we took a motor ride around part of the Island; we went through several villages, simply swarming with

humanity, and in addition, there were loads of people on dirty little house-boats. But the scenery, the combination of sea and mountains, was very grand. In cooler weather, it must be delightful here, for the place is attractive even now.

Three Parsis called at once on us, and if our boat does not sail till Sunday, Will is to speak to them Saturday; they are all so crazy to hear about their own religion. To prevent us from feeling life is all "beer and skittles", we have both had to go to a dentist. Heaven knows what his bill will be, as the prices here are fearful, and one could not blame too much anyone who would take a good whack at a stranger. A hair cut costs 60 cts. the cheapest umbrella Dr. Cook could find was \$8.00. A serge suit that cost about \$22.00 in Tokyo, cost \$45.00 here, and so it goes. The money is curious,—Mexican dollars, which are worth between 83 cts. and 88 cts. Exchange varies daily, and people are growing rich on it. Another annoying thing is, that the small money of Shanghai is no good at Hong Kong, and every time you change, you lose.

Friday, July 12.—Luncheon to-day at "Mountain Lodge", the summer residence of the Governor, was very delightful. We went up in the cable train, and then were carried for about fifteen minutes, up hill. My men were the only ones that had to rest. So very mortifying! The view from the top is wonderful beyond words, and we had a perfect day. An aide met us at the door, and immediately told us where we were to sit at luncheon. Then we were received in the drawing room by the Governor and Lady May. He is very good looking and quiet. She vivacious and perfectly charming, most informal, and with the delightful art of putting one at once at ease. Both are Irish. There were nine guests besides us, and I sat at the Governor's right. Just before luncheon was over (and

From Shanghai to Hong Kong

a mighty good one it was), he rose and raising his wine-glass said: "The King and the President of the United States." Then we all repeated it after him. I told him I loved to hear those two names linked together and he said something complimentary. You can't think how kind all the British officials have been to us, to say nothing of private individuals. We have already received an invitation to visit in Burmah, should we return in a leisurely way.

We now expect to leave here the 13th or 14th for Bombay, touching at Singapore and Colombo. Some people say Bombay will be much hotter than this, some think not so hot. I devoutly hope the latter. We have no idea what our plans will be after reaching Bombay, as others and not we will decide them. Of our present hopes, fears and anxieties I will say nothing, as the former may be realized, and the latter out of the way. Will and I are perfectly well, thank Heaven.

Will had a long, long Parsi visit this afternoon, and he is having another now, 7 P. M.!! Truly he is revered by the followers of Zoroaster.

I hope all is going well with all of you; there is no use asking questions, for I'd never get an answer. I don't know when we shall receive mail, which is particularly hard on the men whose wives are in America. Can't you fancy what the chief occupation of this wife is? Looking after her husband's clothes. Ten minutes after we arrived here, a small, quiet little man glided in, Sam Cheong, a tailor, and the same figure has been gliding in and out of our room at the most inopportune moments ever since. Dressing times are awful, a race between clean clothes and the perspiration which so quickly succeeds in ruining them,—a wild search for collars and precious white ties, which we got at the 10c store at home, and

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which cost 75c here. My own clothes, thanks to you, are adequate, and tell Gertrude her lovely dress began its seventh summer to-day.

Love to all
from,
KATEWILL.

P. S. 7.15 P. M. and another visit from the inopportune,
Sam Cheong!!

LETTER IV

SINGAPORE

S. S. "Dunera"

Singapore, July 22, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

It seems about a month since we left Hong Kong, but in reality it was a week ago yesterday! The day before we left, Will lectured to the Parsis in a part of the dining-room. Afterwards, tea was served and we were presented with huge bouquets and dismissed with "three cheers for Professor and Mrs. Jackson"!

On Sunday morning we boarded the above mentioned vessel; a delegation of Parsis did the same, bringing more bouquets.

There is a very sad difference between this boat and the "Katori", but we had heard such dreadful accounts of her, we think she is a little better than we expected. The discomfort is, however, very great and I can't bear the thought of a seven day's trip to Colombo, particularly when the element of danger is not entirely lacking. There are rumors of German raiders.

Tuesday, July 23rd.—We reached our dock Sunday about noon and were greeted by a Persian gentleman, a Moham-medan, and a Parsi. The former turns out to be a very wealthy man, and his hospitality to us knows no bounds. He had us all for luncheon Sunday, took us in his motor to his bungalow by the sea, where we had tea, then for a drive. We passed through rubber plantations and groves of cocoanut palms, small Chinese villages, (for most of the population here

seems to be Chinese), then went to the Botanical Gardens where we saw some wonderful plants, among others a high cockscomb of vivid cerise deepening into wine-color, that just fascinated us. Our host wanted some of us to stay in his bungalow, but we thought we would go back to the boat.—Such a night! Our cabin was stifling, so we tried sleeping in our chairs on deck, and hardly slept at all. Consequently, we reconsidered our refusal, and four of us have come to this delightful spot.

A large lawn, finished off by a balustrade, leads right to the beach, and a stiff breeze has been blowing ever since we have been here. I dearly love the sea when I am on terra firma, and it is delightful to sit here on our broad verandah and watch the many ships. Everything in the house is arranged with a view to keeping cool, so it is something of a problem to me to know how I can dress without having all the household see me. The servants creep up so softly, they scare the life out of me, and they appear at all of the doors.

I wish I could fitly describe this lovely spot. To-night, before dinner, Dr. Cook, Will and I sat on a bench by the water; the moon will be full to-morrow, so rose early and cast a brilliant light over the sea and land, making the coconut palms look especially picturesque. The “Southern Cross” was on hand, and though it is not a very brilliant constellation, I like its name and all it signifies, tropical evenings, new surroundings, etc. So I greeted it cordially. I never supposed I should see it again.

Last night our host gave us a wonderful dinner in his beautiful house in town. We went at six but dinner was not served till eight. I was asked to go upstairs to the ladies, who were all very prettily dressed and greeted me most cordially; a friend of the hostess, a Parsi lady, spoke English and Hin-

dustani, so she did the translating. I expressed great admiration of the house and the view, and was immediately told it was all mine!—I don't quite know what I should do with it, one of the largest places in Singapore, in our 4x6 cabin on the "Dunera"! These poor Mohammedan women have to live the most secluded lives and can see no men but their relatives. The consequence was, this bold, bad Westerner dined with fourteen men, without any feminine support. I sat next to our Consul-General, a very nice man, whose wife called on me this morning at one of the hotels, as we are 8 miles from town here; hence the call there.

Wednesday.—It certainly was heavenly here last night, but one is never to have everything all right. Dr. Cook has a feverish cold, and I am having trouble with a tooth. Should we ever reach Bombay, Dr. Wanless tells me I shall find an excellent dentist. Dr. W. has been a medical missionary in India for twenty-nine years. He ranks very high as a surgeon and among other feats has operated six thousand times for cataract. He is a very nice man, and yesterday, Will and I brought him out to see Dr. Cook, and he stayed with me for luncheon, Will, Dr. Cook and Dr. McDowell being invited to Government House. As our Consul did not mention me, I was not bidden, a small loss as far as the entertainment goes, but I was sorry not to see the house and grounds, which made a great impression on the men. To-day we have lots to do and "our" car is waiting for us now. The Consul and his wife want us for tea, and we must do the polite to our host, then there are other calls, and shopping; (Will buys collars, of course, at every port!) It is hard to get the things one wants; for instance, Dr. Cook insisted on my having a sun helmet to come ashore in here, and I could find only one in Hong Kong. Such a horror! it is a trial to wear it. Stop-

ping in these ports for several days reminds me of week-end visits at home. All the clothes one needs have to be left behind as they won't get in the bag, and of course, an extra hat is out of the question. Fancy my appearing at a tea in a sun helmet! Such an extinguisher, it is a case of "cherchez la femme".

As I look out across the lawn at the blue ocean and the sail boats with their reddish brown sails, it is hard to think of returning this evening to that awful ship. But go we must. It will take a week to reach Colombo. May we get there safely!

Like its predecessors, this is a stupid letter, but it will at least let you know what we are doing. I have not time to describe to you the many nice English people we have met; the spirit of the women is superb, for without exception, they have all lost some one dear to them. We have already received most cordial invitations to visit in various places, and given in a very genuine way.

I do hope you are all well. We have of course, heard from no one. Love, much love to you all,

from
KATEWILL.

LETTER V

CEYLON TO BOMBAY

Hotel "Taj Mahal".

Bombay

August 12, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

It seems strange, after seven years, to be again writing you from Bombay and this hotel. We got here on the sixth, sixty-six days after leaving New York!

Of Ceylon, I had only a glimpse of Colombo for a day, combined with a visit to the lovely seashore at Livinia; the rest of our journey through the Island had to be made at night. The next place we stopped at was Madura in Southern India. There is a very celebrated Hindu temple there which we found most interesting. There are several high and very elaborately carved towers, sort of gateways, and below, long, mostly dark passages, with many carved gods and goddesses, before whom the people prostrate themselves, rubbing oil from the figures on their foreheads—the same with the dust. We had a guide and were followed by two or three dozen curious Hindus, many of whom begged. While I was looking at something, Dr. Cook exclaimed: "What next! look Mrs. Jackson!" I turned my head, and there, two feet from me, was a big elephant, who gracefully picked up a coin which he handed to his keeper.

We stayed half a day in Madura, and left at midnight for Tanjore, to see another temple. I think it was one of the loveliest things I ever saw in my life. The first glimpse of the mud walls of the moat, with a gorgeous flamboyant tree

(bright scarlet blossoms) here and there, delighted us, but when we saw the gateways and towers of the temple, far less grotesquely carved than those of Madura, and passed into the court, we were fascinated. Before the principal tower there was a huge granite bull, in front of which was a bronze pillar with several small bells; the musical sounds they emitted when swayed by the breeze and the songs of the birds were the only noise. The place was quite empty, except for a few temple servants, and with its soft coloring, which blended so beautifully with trees and sky, it formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture. I spent there the most restful hour I have ever known in India.

Tanjore possesses one of the finest Sanskrit libraries in the world—such a quiet spot in which to work. I wished Will could have frequent access to such a place. The librarian had, of course, heard of him and was delighted to make his acquaintance. We started out to do our sight-seeing, in, I think, the one carriage Tanjore possessed. After many narrow escapes, this vehicle collapsed altogether and we had to take to bullock carts, squatting most uncomfortably in this small covered conveyance. That was once when the Jacksons did not travel together, as no bullock's back could stand dragging both of us!

As we had not been able to make reservations, we had to travel second class to Madras; each carriage was supposed to provide sleeping-space for two, but in reality some two thousand wingless beasts rode free, and we supplied them with meals! Such a night we had, and for two days afterwards, we kept each other informed as to our finds.

We had a day in Madras, a place prominent commercially I believe, but not especially interesting, so I was glad to get on another train, this time, in a first-class compartment. It took

us about forty hours to get to Bombay, and the trip was delightfully cool.

Think of us being back here after seven years, and this time, under such changed conditions. Then we were quite independent and carefree, with new clothes and plenty of enthusiasm. Now, we are *not* independent, my clothes leave much to be desired, and as one Parsi woman said to me: "You look quite different!"

However obscure W. may be in other parts of the world, he is a big man in Bombay, and we are always on "dress-parade". There is someone the day through, knocking at the door—card after card, message after message, until I am almost frantic. Visitors used to come right up, but we have tried to stop that. The endless procession of servants we cannot stop, so it is impossible to get any rest. The hotel has many officers here on leave. No one, I think, is here, who is not in some way concerned in the war. The atmosphere is not depressing, however, and an orchestra plays twice daily. The other night there was dancing, and the beautiful waltzes were too much for us. Many pounds heavier though we be, we danced till the orchestra ceased.

Our life here is one round of business and social engagements. One afternoon we were entertained by a wealthy Persian, a connection of our Singapore friend. His house was beautiful, with a huge drawing-room on both floors, and large marble-tiled verandahs on both sides of these rooms. It was a Mohammedan household so our host took me upstairs to the ladies of whom there were several. My hostess was sweet and spoke a little English. One of her relatives spoke perfect English so I got along all right. This latter played some weird Oriental music for me on a Persian instrument called a sitar; she had a fistful of diamonds on her breast that prob-

ably cost several years of my Professor's salary, and she, as well as the other ladies, was beautifully dressed in their pretty native costumes.

After leaving Madras, I broke out into an ugly rash, so went to see a Parsi doctor at his hospital. He did not take in at first who Will was, but when it dawned on him, such enthusiasm! When I came back into his office from the dressing-room, he said to me: "I did not know your husband was the great Professor Jackson!" Of course, he would take no remuneration. We went out another day and had tea with him and his wife.

One afternoon, Sir Dorabji and Lady Tata gave a reception for us in this hotel, which, by the way, they own. They were going to Poona the next day for the rest of the season, and as the house-keeper and most of the staff of servants had left, Lady Tata apologized for not having us at her house. The Tatas are among the great merchant princes of the East and are enormously wealthy and very charitable.

The lecture was a great success. It did seem as though we must be back in 1911, except that another hall was used, for everything else was the same. Mr. Warden, a very dear old Parsi friend, came for us in his car, and as soon as Will and I entered the hall the audience of one thousand broke into applause. My heart sank at seating my ugly, enormous self on the platform, but there was no help for it, and tell Gertrude, after seven years, her dress again got stared at by hundreds of eyes. The only hat I could find here was a *large pink* one! Did you ever hear of anything so girlish? I used to think a husband must feel horribly mortified when his ugly old wife put on youthful garments; but bless you! my dear man was daft about that hat. But to return to more interesting matters.

The High Priest presided, as Sir Jamshedji Jeejeebhoy,

Ceylon to Bombay

the leading Parsi here, was unavoidably late. He and Lady J. came in later and she put garlands on us and gave us each a bouquet to the intense enjoyment of the audience. There were then "three cheers for Professor and Mrs. Jackson," and hundreds cheered us as we drove away.

We told every one we were going away for a few days, as really the demands on us here are very great, and we are very tired. For instance, Will worked till 4 a. m. the other night and at 8.30, the first caller came—a Hindu who "had an axe to grind". The telephone man thinks Will must be very busy, for every one is asking for Professor Jackson.

You remember our so often mentioning Mr. Wilson, the banker, an old friend? Well, he gave us a beautiful dinner at the Yacht Club. One of the guests is the cathedral organist, with photography as his hobby, and we went after dinner to his rooms where he showed us some wonderful photographs of India, from which he had made lantern slides.

Tomorrow Will is lunching with our Consul—a very agreeable man from Tennessee. Our plans are not yet made, though we may be able to go to Persia shortly. In these war times, the difficulties of travelling are almost insurmountable; in our own case, matters are complicated by having to cable for instructions.

Dr. Judson is not yet here and a good many official things will have to be attended to by him. The other day the Governor-General of Bombay, Lord Willingdon, received Dr. Cook and Will most informally; they were delighted with him and he was most kind. Both he and his wife are very popular.

I sometimes feel very apprehensive about the future; danger, of course, there will be—and my one great prayer is, that I will not have to let Will go without me. We are getting

Around the World to Persia

restless here, and I, with my meagre wardrobe, am put to it to know what to wear. The dressmakers are all busy, but yesterday, we found a Hindu store where I ordered a dress. You should have seen Will and me poring for over an hour over some funny, antiquated English fashion magazines. I don't know what the result will be!

To-day Bombay is beflagged to celebrate the successes on the Western Front, so I have hung out *our* flag—blessed piece of bunting! Two of the young members took me to the movies the other night while Will was at a dinner, and they were as happy as children because the feature was made in America.

I have written this letter under all sorts of difficulties, so please forgive all faults. I do hope the Committee in New York has kept you informed of our whereabouts. We have not the slightest idea when we shall be able to start for home, nor do we know where letters will reach us, as we may or may not get to Teheran. Perhaps, Care of American Consul, Bombay, will be the best address, though this is no longer the last civilized place in these parts. We are told the British have done wonders in Mesopotamia. The country has produced an enormous crop, and Baghdad, if you please, is lighted by electricity! I believe the next undertaking will be water-pipes. One certainly must admire the British for the way they manage things out here.

I forgot to tell you the weather is much cooler than it was in April 1911, and we do not suffer at all from the heat; last August was infinitely worse in America! This is the rainy season, but unfortunately very little rain has fallen—a terrible calamity.

Well I really must stop this rambling letter. Ever so much love for you all,

from,
KATEWILL.

Ceylon to Bombay

Postscript en route to Simla, Aug. 21—1918.—Since writing the above letter things have hummed. Will came home just after I finished it, with the news that cables had come from New York, from the Committee for Relief in the Near East, and also from Persia—that our departure in the near future for Baghdad had been arranged, and that three of us had been invited to the Viceregal Lodge at Simla. That was only four days ago and we are tired out with what we have done since. Sunday, Will lunched with our Consul, Mr. Lupton, who is a shrewd, agreeable fellow and has worked like a Trojan to help us. In the afternoon, some people came to tea with us and afterwards we went to service at the Cathedral, which I enjoyed very much. Will's first appointment Monday was at 8.30, but before then, a note came from Gen. St. John, embarkation officer, inclosing a telegram arranging for a business interview with Sir William Marshall, the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Mesopotamia. There was also an invitation to luncheon at the Yacht Club to meet Her Excellency, Lady Willingdon, wife of the Governor of the Bombay Presidency. She is young, good-looking, and very affable; told me her father was Lord Brassey and seemed pleased I had read "The Voyage of the Sunbeam". She told Will she was sorry we had not time to go and stay with them at Poona, where they are now residing.

Will foolishly sat up all night, trying to finish an address for a Parsi meeting, then could not do so. He was very tired yesterday yet we had to leave at 2.20. Mr. Wilson got us a servant, a Goanese named John Simon Anthony, with a pleasant smile and no sense. I had to see people till 10.30 then took a cab, bought a trunk and other necessities and began packing and repacking with John's meagre aid; such a morning I hope never to live through again, and we just caught the train

by three minutes! One other man is with us and I think we shall all feel relieved when our viceregal visit is over. The summer capital is Simla and we thought it might be necessary to go there, but never dreamed of having to visit. It is forty-eight hours from Bombay and we must return as soon as possible. Conditions in Persia are awful. Dr. Shedd (whom we met once at the Yohannans) and several others have died of cholera. I had not expected to do much active relief work, for Will was sent for work of a different kind; but now we shall probably have to do any and everything and at the very greatest risk. The British officials have been wonderful to us, and I have found them very attractive; some of them, whom we have met in India, I am looking forward to meeting again in "Mesopotamia." Well, we are in for it and must do our best. Worlds of love to you all,

from,

KATEWILL.

P. S.

Dr. Cook is ill, so Will is now temporary Chairman.

LETTER VI

AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA

Viceregal Lodge,
Simla.

August 22,—1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

It all seems too wonderful to be true! We had to change cars at 5.45 a. m., and the decent dress I had in my bag could not be put on just before we reached Simla, for there were two men in the compartment besides Will. So the two aides who met us had to put up with my old clothes. As the train stopped, a servant in scarlet came to the window, and we got out of the car and were met by two very agreeable aides. We then got in jinrikishas drawn by two men, and pushed by two others, up a very steep hill to the Lodge, a big place. Servants galore and a major-domo stood like statues, while our panting rikisha-men dashed up to the entrance. We had luncheon with the aides and were then shown to our rooms, a beautiful suite; two bed-rooms, two baths, drawing-room, and all so wonderfully comfortable. It seemed like Paradise to me after eighty-two days of steamers, trains, hotels (mostly poor), dirt, and heat, to get into this heavenly place with its cool air, and this palace, with truly "every comfort of home".

After a little rest, we dressed and came down to tea. The aide said four o'clock, not earlier, and what was our horror to see Their Excellencies going down before us, while the servants waved like mad for us to hurry. I ran after Will, who had gone after Mr. Vaile, and we tore panting into the drawing-room. I was so flustered when I met Their Excellencies,

my curtsies went completely to pieces and did not look a bit like what I intended them to be. Such a simple kindly greeting, and the next minute I was telling Lady Chelmsford to make my tea any way, but to make Will's weak. His Excellency asked if I would like to go to a purdah party with Lady C., they call it keeping purdah when the women can't see any men but their relatives. Our hostess at this party was the daughter-in-law of a native ruler and stood at the foot of the steps to greet Her Excellency, garbed in the most beautiful costume. Her young son, also gorgeously attired, helped his mother.

She gave us garlands of orange blossoms when we entered the house, and my hostess (Lady C.) introduced me to every one as we moved forward. On the way back she asked me if I would not like to get out of the rikisha and walk some, which we did, passing trees full of monkeys. Lady C. was so sweet about my being tired, for the journey was hard, and told me to be sure and rest before dinner.

To our intense delight, our old friends from Quetta, the Brays, are here; he is at present private secretary to the Viceroy, who likes him extremely, we are told. So before we came here we had "friends at Court".

August 23.—I wish you could have been at the dinner last night; needless to say, *I* never attended such an one. Printed cards were sent both Will and me, with the names of the guests (some twenty had been invited to meet us) and a plan of the table. We all assembled in one of the drawing-rooms before 8.10, and promptly at 8.15 two servants drew aside some large curtains, and the aides announced in loud tones: "Their Excellencies". They greeted those not of the household, passing quickly around, while each of the ladies curtsied. Then H. E. offered his arm to a lady, the Foreign Secretary

At the Viceregal Lodge, Simla

took me in, and while the orchestra played "God Save the King", we went into a very large dining-room. Will sat at Her Excellency's left, and I sat at his left. They both talked a lot with us, and he talked to me most interestingly of India, his hopes and wishes regarding it. Just at the close of the meal, he rose, all doing the same, and raising his glass, said: "The King-Emperor," everybody repeating it after him. Then Her Excellency left the table and at the door, looked at her husband and made a very deep curtsy—each lady did the same, and maybe I was not scared as to what I should do. I knew if I went too low, I'd fall down and they would have to get a derrick to haul me up. I lived through it, anyhow, right side up. After the gentlemen came in to the drawing-room, the aides arranged it so that each one had a few words with Her Excellency, and each lady with the Viceroy. Also the ladies staying at the Lodge had different men brought up to them. My first was Sir Charles Cleveland, Head of the Intelligence Department. I was having a most interesting time with him, when an inexorable aide brought up His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief of the army in India. He was an old dear, and the aide let me have him for quite a little while, before the next man, the Hon. Mr. Best was doomed to provide conversation for me. Their Excellencies, on retiring, shook hands with all, the ladies curtseying; he said to me: "I do hope you will rest well, for you must be very tired", and she said: "Now get a good rest and don't come down till noon".

Before 8, Will brought in an invitation from the Foreign Secretary's wife, Lady Grant, asking us to luncheon on Sunday. Shortly afterwards Her Excellency sent me a note, asking if I would like to drive to town, and while we were at breakfast her daughter, the Hon. Miss Thesiger, came in and

paid us a little visit; she and her sister are dear, and a pretty little one, about eight, is one of the brightest children I have ever met. There is a son at school, but the eldest son, alas! was killed in the war. They are certainly a charming family. I was waiting in the big hall downstairs for Her Excellency, when he came down, came towards me, shook hands (you'd roar if you could see my curtseys) and asked how I had rested. Then she came down, the guard presented arms, and, preceded by outriders in scarlet, we drove in a victoria to town.

There are only three carriages allowed in Simla, as the road (there is only one) is so narrow, so we were easily seen, and most of the people bowed to Lady C. We went into a jewelry store, then she asked me if I wanted to do any shopping. I said I wanted gloves badly but could not bother her, but she said she loved to go into shops. When I asked about a hat, she overheard me, and took the keenest interest—picked out two or three, and finally advised me to get one, told the girl how she thought it ought to be trimmed, and I wore it this afternoon. I think my Seattle confection must have got on her nerves and this is a real true-for-true English one; indeed, if you did not see my "made in America" figure, you would scarcely believe my ancestors sailed from England three centuries ago.

We lunched to-day with Mr. and Mrs. Bray and a jolly meal it was! Then I took tea with one Lady Barnes, and Will had an interview at 4.30 with the Commander-in-Chief. He is not yet back, I am sorry to say, for he is as tired as I, and that is saying a great deal. How he has worked! particularly since coming to India, where he has met the highest and most important officials in the land. There are others besides me who realize what this Mission owes to him. It was very gratifying to hear from Mr. Bray, Their Excellencies had

said nice things. The Viceroy said to him: "This visit is a success". Mr. Vaile, a young Professor of Agriculture from California, has been most helpful and efficient, too. Everyone is marvellously kind and obliging; they are all so intensely grateful for America's help in this war, they cannot do enough for Americans. They praise President Wilson extravagantly and they think what America has accomplished is little short of a miracle; it is far above what they hoped. They are all charming people and have made me care for England, as I never did before.

His Excellency said to stay as long as we wanted, but Sunday we return to Bombay as we are supposed to get off to Baghdad very shortly. It will be a mad rush, coming after a most fatiguing railway journey, and difficulties ahead are almost insurmountable. You have no idea of them all, and sometimes I wonder if we can do anything at all. Truly a month from now life will be a different proposition from what it is here.

All hands are rejoicing (in a quiet way) over our successes in the West, and I do hope the tide has turned at last. I was reading the dispatches in the hall this morning, then I looked at the portraits of Queen Victoria, the present King and Queen, various Viceroys, and above all, the gorgeous howdah in which Lord Hardinge was seated when someone tried to assassinate him.

After dinner.—The same ceremony to-night as last night, only fewer guests, I think. We again sat at the left of Their Excellencies. He is delightful and talks to me as though he thought I had sense; not having much, I am particularly pleased. In speaking of the South, I told him you had once said, that slavery might have been bad for the white man and

for the negro, but that it was a mighty good thing for the white woman. He laughed very heartily.

August 24.—This morning I drove into town with the two girls, the elder of whom helped me to choose another hat, this time a soft one for rough winter travel. Luncheon was very informal, His Excellency not appearing, but I sat next to a particularly nice aide. After luncheon, Her Excellency asked me if I would not come up to her sitting-room; such a home-like place. Later, Will and I had tea with the Chief of the General Staff and his wife. It was miles away and we drove for a time, then rikishas took us down the hill and up again—these Simla hills are awful! Mr. Vaile had an interview with H. E. as the aides call him and he said: "Now I want you to tell me the truth; have we done everything you want us to? Professor Jackson is such a lovely personality, he is so obliging and so polite, I don't know whether or not he is satisfied and we want to help in any way in our power". They are so glad our Mission has arrived just at this time, their kindness is amazing. To-night there was no dinner party, just the Brays, no formality, no dreadful curtsy, and His Excellency took me in. It did seem funny to be taken in by the Viceroy of India, and of course I had on an old dress, with such a narrow skirt, I almost had to skip to keep up with his long strides. After dinner I sat for a long time on the sofa with Lady C., and later, when I suppose she was tired to death, we went in and looked at a game of billiards.

Bombay, August 28.—Back again in what is our nearest approach in India to home! Sunday we lunched at Simla with the Foreign Secretary and his wife. At tea, we were with Their Excellencies, and later they showed us the throne room, then they took us into the big drawing-room, pointed out to us several things of historical interest, and he walked

At the Viceregal Lodge, Simla

up and down to converse about matters with Will and she talked with me until the aide announced the rikishas. They went to the porch with us and our visit was over. Perhaps this very detailed account of it may bore you all, but we enjoyed it so much it seemed natural to write of it.

Mr. Warden met us at the station in Bombay and we were whisked off to a public building where Will was presented by some Persian Zoroastrians with an illuminated address in a beautiful silver casket. The whole thing was nicely done. The gentleman who presented it, made an excellent little speech and said all Zoroastrians, whether rich merchants or small shopkeepers, whether cultured or illiterate, knew the name of Professor Jackson. We were garlanded, given big bouquets and came to the hotel, where the Consul was waiting for us. At seven, we had a committee meeting, and it was nine-thirty before we went to dinner. I told Will this morning, I thought this trip was a good test of our strength and health—such a constant rush, no chance to put one's things in order. Fortunately the sailing date of our boat has been put off, so we shall have two full days here. Both of us are in the hands of the dentist, too! Much love to all

from

KATEWILL

LETTER VII

FROM INDIA TO THE MOUTH OF THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES

Transport "Egra"

Mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

Sept. 4, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Another chapter in our interesting journey! We came on board thoroughly tired out, for we began our last day, before nine, with inoculation for cholera, and it was four the next morning when our lights were put out! It was a great Hindu holiday, the divine Krishna had been born; and the streets were filled with rows of almost naked men, with arms interlaced, dancing in a slow, measured way, chanting as they did so. Friday Mr. Wilson came to say good-bye while we were at breakfast, and at ten-thirty, after all the luggage (16 pieces) had been taken, I washed my hair! It was only partially dry and I had no brush and comb but I tucked it up under my topee and was on board this boat at 11.45.

There are about 1700 souls on board, and I am the only woman. I am not sure whether or not there is another female for I have not asked about the sex of the cat! There are only native troops, but there are about sixty-five officers, some of them, very nice. The Padre (the title given all the chaplains) is a Presbyterian missionary from India; a kind, genuine, enthusiastic fellow. He told me some of the men asked who I was, and said it was almost like having a mother on board. Wasn't that nice? Our Captain is a most delightful and interesting man, intensely religious, belongs to the "Plymouth Brethren", a sect with very simple ways, but besides that, he

is well-read, cultured and oh! so kind. We have been much in his room.

Basrah Sept. 5.—We arrived here at 3.35. A terrific wind was blowing and just as hot as though it had come from a furnace. On either side of the river, there is some vegetation, chiefly date palms, varying from quite a narrow strip to a mile and a half; beyond that is desert. The sun is perfectly pitiless and shines down with terrific power over this shadeless spot, and everywhere you see nothing but sand and more sand, so you may imagine what the glare is like.

Last evening some of the officers invited us to dinner; their quarters were in the former German Consulate, and a launch was sent to take us there as it was some distance from our boat. The General was a very delightful man who had held extremely important positions in England and South Africa, but I was so tired from the heat and the inevitable standing-around of landing-day, that I was glad to come back to the boat. It seemed strange to be returning on the Tigris from a dinner party! As there are no hotels here, they had us sleep on board, to our great relief, as we dreaded such accommodations as we might have had to put up with on shore.

This morning an officer came with three cars to take us for a drive. It is quite marvellous what the British have done here. They have filled in land, have built (of mud bricks chiefly) many storehouses and war-hospitals, and have constructed also docks and railroads. There are of course thousands of tents and laborers galore of almost all the races of the Orient. We got out and walked through the bazaar and market place and found them pretty clean and free from the awful odors of such places in China. The Arabs look very stately in their flat round head-dress and long flowing cloaks—but the women and children were anything but good-look-

ing. Many of the former were veiled but in some instances the veils were of black lace which permitted one to notice the absence of beauty. The people seem to take kindly to having the British here, and after the Turks, you can easily fancy such would be the case. The change from Turkish to Indian money was accomplished with absolutely no difficulty, we were told; and the people, who have a sense of humor, are easy to get along with. It does one good to see a place in the hands of the British; there is always an improvement.

As this is the station from which every thing is sent further into Mesopotamia, you can fancy how busy it is—no loafing natives here, I can tell you!

This afternoon we are to be put on a river steamer and sent up to Baghdad. It will take us six or seven days to get there, and I dread the monotony, particularly as I believe we are to be the only passengers.

There are seven of the Commission here, two have gone on, and Dr. Judson and two others are to arrive. It seemed so hard to have Dr. Cook break down; I miss him dreadfully, and there is no one who can in any way take his place. Whether rest and fresh air will make him well enough to come on in the spring remains to be seen. I hope so for his sake, although I trust by that time our faces will be turned homewards.

So far we have had no hairbreadth escapes, and no unbearable heat: electric fans are used everywhere, and we have arrived here late enough to escape the worst heat. From Bombay we have been guests of the British Government, the military authorities looking out for us in the most delightful way. We have met so many charming officers, gentlemen born and bred, and very cultured, some of them. In travelling we have also met some who have risen from the ranks, and there is a

From India to the Tigris

difference; but the English aristocracy has paid a fearful death toll in this war, and new officers must be had—everyone however has been most kind to us.

We left Bombay for "Mesopotamia" just three months to a day from the time we left New York, and not a line have we had from home; mails are so irregular! I do hope all is going well with you all at home. Much love,

from

KATEWILL.

LETTER VIII

UP THE TIGRIS RIVER

On the Tigris,
Sept. 9, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Again I am the only woman on a troopship! We got on board a hospital ship Thursday evening and were most comfortable; I had a cabin to dress in and we slept on deck behind canvas. The whole upper deck was open, with two rows of beds, one above the other. These boats bring sick soldiers down from Baghdad and go back empty save for the crew, two nurses and a stray officer or two. The doctor was a nice young Scotchman, the Captain and engineers were very agreeable, and one of the nurses I liked very much. So I was sorry when an accident to the paddle wheel delayed the boat and they put us on this little steamer. We are not nearly so comfortable and the other boat seemed almost a home, with the nurses; however, there are some agreeable officers on this and they have done their best to make me comfortable.

One of the men is a Captain Washington, same family as our immortal George; he is very much of a gentleman. This is an old boat, but most of them have been recently built in England and sent out from there under their own steam—even the penny river-boats came out that way. The river is very shallow in places, so the freight is put on large barges, one on each side of the boat, which also serve as buffers when the bank is touched. Up to Amara there were a good many date palms and occasionally the scene was picturesque. Through the Narrows (a narrow stream indeed!) Arab

Up the Tigris River

women and children ran along the banks with live chickens, fish, and eggs for sale; so there was a little diversion. Since then, there have been no date palms and the scenery is monotonous in the extreme.

We stopped at Ezra's tomb, which makes an extremely pretty picture. It is a small building with a dome of blue tiles set in an enclosure with several date palms. The interior is decorated with Hebrew verses and right under the dome is the sarcophagus, which looks like a huge wooden cupboard, covered with turkey-red and chintz. It appears quite Mohammedan, but I believe it is visited by Jewish pilgrims.

The Arabs along the banks with their many animals attract the eye. They all get such a vast amount of enjoyment out of this dirty river, bathing themselves and their animals, and drinking it. The heat is, to me, almost unbearable during the day. The strong hot wind fairly scorches one, and on a boat there is no refuge from it. The nights, on the contrary, are now delightful and nothing can exceed the beauty of the sky and river during the hour after sunset. The minute the sun goes down, the air cools off, just as on the contrary, the sun no sooner rises than its heat is unpleasant. From nine o'clock on, its power is terrific, and perfectly merciless, as there is not a cloud in the sky.

I don't believe any nation but the British would have stood this place; and what they have accomplished out here is marvellous. I have not been thrown with the Tommies, but the officers do not grumble, and they all seem very keen about their work. I have learned out here to have a tremendous amount of respect for them and they have all been so nice to me, I should be a queer freak if I did not like them. Many a tale has been poured into my ear, and it makes me very happy to feel it has been given to me to come out here, where women

are so few and far between. I am very proud too, to have them all turn to Will for information about Persia and Central Asia. He knows more than most.

To-day we are to reach Kut and take the train there for Baghdad. At home it seemed strange to think of going to all these places, but en route I have met so many who have been to them and one talks so much of them, it seems quite natural to be going one's self. I do not know in the least what plans will develop for us; at present, to all intents and purposes, we are a part of the British army.

Baghdad, Sept. 11.—This is mail day, so I must close this hurriedly. Just arrived—in the city of Haroun Al Rashid! Both well and interested in everything. Love to all,

from

KATEWILL.

LETTER IX

IN BAGHDAD

Baghdad, Sept. 16, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

I had to close my last letter very abruptly as the mail was just going out. We had time to go about Kut-el-Amara, one of the places that played an important part in this war. We went to General Townshend's Headquarters and got a view from the roof of the little mud-brick town, the only pretty feature of which was a small minaret. The Turks used it for an observation tower, but it got hit and toppled! The cemetery was well kept, but unfortunately only a few names of those buried there are known. The town itself is clean. What a change the British have made in this country! At Kut as elsewhere we met such nice officers; I can't tell you what a delightful impression these men have made on us. I told one of them yesterday I thought Englishmen must make good husbands, for they had all been so thoughtful and kind to me.

We came by rail from Kut to Baghdad and were met by two officers and a motor and taken to the Civil Commissioner. We arrived early enough to be received by him in his pajamas; but after apologizing, being very much a man of the world, he was quite as much at ease as I.

We are at the best hotel here and I wish you could see it. It has not one modern convenience, and the furniture is in an advanced state of decay; but there is a huge, good-looking rug on the floor, and the meals are very fair. Our host has been in America, for which country he professes profound admiration, and he has told the servants to be as helpful as

possible, and they are. They are all Chaldeans, one of the many Christian sects here.

Baghdad is the hottest place I ever was in, and yet the officers tell us the great heat is over. With the thermometer in one's room 112° , one wonders what summer must be like. There is no breeze and without an electric fan you can fancy what the heat is like, even at night. All the guests sleep on the roof, but being the one woman, I have to stay in-doors. Will, of course, stays too. The city is dusty beyond words and there are no pavements as there is neither wood nor stone; in fact there is nothing but sand, date-palms and two very shallow rivers in this land: nothing grows without irrigation, and that is still of the most primitive description.

Motors are owned only by the Government and are very scarce. We have had two drives, both to see mosques. One morning we went to a neighboring village; the head man, a dignified old Arab, invited us into his home, let us take a photograph from the roof and gave us coffee and cigarettes. Two of our party talked Turkish with him, and Will managed some Persian. The number of languages in the Orient is perfectly appalling.

We lunched this same morning with Sir William Marshall, the Commander-in-Chief. His drawing-room looked so clean and was so cool with electric fans, it was a treat to be there. The dining-room too, was delightful, and a delicious luncheon served by capable Hindus in their neat white clothes, was a *great treat*. I am afraid I like the "flesh-pots of Egypt"—and of Mesopotamia! It is a great pleasure to be thrown so constantly with these delightful English gentlemen; yet I like my own sex too, and for that reason was most glad to meet Miss Bell who is in the Political Office here, and remarkably intelligent. She told Will his "Persia, Past and Present" had

In Baghdad

been her constant companion in Persia and she had known it for a long time. It is in great demand here, and neither here nor in India is there a copy to be had—a crying shame!

One day two young officers got a launch and took us to Ctesiphon, where there is a very beautiful ruined arch, nearly fourteen centuries old. Our boat was dreadfully slow and we took a long time to go, and a longer time to return, not reaching home until 1.30 a. m.! All the boats stick in the mud of this dirty, shallow river. With the thermometer well above 100 in the shade, we walked about half a mile to the arch and found it very interesting. Will, of course was in his element and had some enthusiasts with him. I did my best, but the heat was tremendous and the flies maddening. There is a tiny fly here called the sandfly; not a gnat like ours, but a most active insect that apparently lights only on human flesh and it has stung us so, we are covered with bites. To return to the arch. It is in the middle of a huge, desert plain, the most God-forsaken spot now you can possibly imagine. There was a battle there between the Turks and British and there are many bodies buried there, which have been dug up by jackals and Arabs and reburied more than once.

Tuesday.—Sunday a nice young Major, whom we met at Kut, was told off to take us to Baqubah, where they have a camp for the refugees from the mountains of Northwestern Persia; they are Armenians and Syrians, very ignorant peasants. The military have organized a splendid camp and want our Relief Commission to co-operate. At present a part of the work may be done there instead of in Persia. One cannot for a moment forget here that a great war is on. Baghdad is a big camp and we are all a part of the army; our plans, therefore, are vague. Some of us may shortly get into Persia to take supplies, or we may have to wait awhile. I should be

glad to get into a cooler climate. Last night was so hot, I felt as though I could almost cut the heat in my room.

We had a very interesting afternoon to-day. In the little public garden, Sir William Marshall held a reception in honor of some eighty Arab Sheiks. All Baghdad was there, even Arab ladies with their black lace veils, which really do not hide their faces at all. There were scores of Baghdadis in European clothes and fez; then a lot of older men, among them our old friend of the village, who entertained us the other day. He got up at once and shook hands with us. At five, General Marshall came, walking through two rows of Hindu troops, who held lances and pennants. The band of course, played "God save the King". The General went up on a high large platform, where there was a sofa between two arm chairs and he sat on the former. Will and I were the first guests to be presented. We marched boldly along the platform; and I do not believe it was necessary for the hundreds below to use their opera glasses to see us! After we took our places on another sofa, others were presented and then came the Arab chiefs, a very dignified looking lot. They shook hands with the General and took their places down in the front row below the platform while the General delivered a little speech in English. It was afterward read in Arabic. This part of the ceremony over, an aide came and said General Marshall would like to talk with us, so W. and I had a pleasant little chat with him. He is a charming man, a soldier every inch of him, and I always enjoy meeting him. We gave place to the Grand Rabbi, a very picturesque looking old Jew. I shall always remember this afternoon, with the various groups of Orientals in their native dress, flags and pennants everywhere, a Hindu band playing Occidental music, and on all sides, these splendid British officers, representative of a great, progressive Power

In Baghdad

which is gradually bringing civilization to this country. I do wish we had Ted and Jack with us to show them a fine type of young American manhood; but, alas, "It's a long, long way from the banks of the Seine" and Potomac to the banks of the Tigris!

Wednesday.—One week here to day! It has been a very interesting one, but oh! so hot. To-day we lunch with a General, take tea with Lloyd George's son-in-law, and dine with the Military Governor. Will has to see another general on business this morning. It is rather too much, I am afraid, particularly as we went to the Consulate last night and did not get home early. Our Consul is very nice even though his name is Heizer!

Of course, we still have had no news from home. How glad I shall be to get back there, for one gets tired of living in trunks and being always on the go. I do hope you are all well. Much love to all,

from

KATEWILL.

LETTER X

BAGHDAD CONTINUED

Baghdad, Sept. 29, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Here we are still in this dust heap and we are likely to be here some time longer. Dr. Judson arrives in Basrah this week and it will take several days to get from there here, as one has to go part of the way by water; at present the Tigris is very low and boats spend more time sticking in the mud than going. So there is nothing to do but be patient. The others who are with us have settled at the refugee camp at Baqubah where they are working with the military authorities. These latter are doing everything, and can do so very much better than civilians; one is also handicapped in these present circumstances by not speaking the language. Some of the missionaries with us know Syriac, Turkish and Armenian, so they are in great demand. The refugees are mostly very ignorant and behave accordingly, but one of the officers here tells me the Belgian refugees he saw were about the same. In the meantime the glorious news we are getting from all the fronts is a splendid tonic. Just think of the drubbing the Turks have had in Palestine! We all hope it will have an effect on them in Persia. The officers here are most optimistic about Germany, and the Commander-in-Chief said last night, he thought we could make our own peace terms when the time comes.

Speaking of Sir William Marshall, he invited us very informally to dinner last night; only the archaeologist Miss Bell—a dear woman—who is now in the Political Office, our Con-

Baghdad Continued

sul, who is very nice and a gentleman, thank God! and one aide. Afterward Will lectured for the Y. M. C. A. to a big audience, on Persia, and Sir William introduced him. I was just a little proud to have my man introduced by the Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia, and lecture to hundreds of British soldiers. Afterwards we went back to the General's house for a sandwich. One night a couple of years ago, I think it was, he was giving a dinner; a telegram was handed him and after reading it, he put it under his plate and continued to entertain his guests in his charming way; finally when alone with an aide, he said: "Thank God they have all gone! I have just received a dispatch telling me my son has been killed". He spoke so sadly last night of the toll Death had taken of the British.

To-day I began Persian lessons. I tried to get a teacher earlier for I need even now some knowledge of the tongue. Our servant, Mehdi Khan, speaks Persian, Arabic and Turkish. Will manages with the former but I have an awful time, and the little fellow's pantomimic efforts only serve to conceal his thoughts from me. Mr. Heizer has lent us some brass buttons and stars and stripes epaulettes, and Mehdi is beaming. The fact that this elegance is put on a dirty white suit does not in the least mar his joy, though it somewhat dims mine!

Every now and then it strikes us as unreal that we should be 'way out here. It seemed strange for instance, Sunday morning, to go to an English service at eight and step out into a street crowded with a motley Oriental lot, in their various costumes. The better class women wear an "aba", a voluminous silk cloak, chiefly pink. They have them in all colors and so many of the officers have bought them for their wives, the price has gone up tremendously; the doors of the New

York Opera House would have to be widened if I attempted to pass through in an "aba", so there is no temptation to buy.

When the Turks evacuated Baghdad, they blew up, very kindly, a lot of houses to effect their retreat, and the débris, when removed, left the one fairly wide thoroughfare in the city; the English call it New Street. The old streets are only seven or eight feet wide, so that the sun cannot get anything of a chance at them. They are fairly clean; at any rate the British have forced each household to have an incinerator for burning garbage and trash, and the number of flies has been greatly reduced in consequence. I took Will to-day through some of the narrow streets to the French Convent to call on the sisters. Six of these dear souls received us in the most charming, hospitable way and formed a contrast to the almost strictly military society we have. These nuns keep a school, train native children to earn a living, and they do embroidery, dressmaking, and even washing. No wonder when the Turkish Government ordered their expulsion the Military Governor refused to obey, for he said they were too useful.

I shall continue by saying what a delight it was to receive your letter, dated Savannah, June 30. It is the *first* letter we have had from America. You know how mail is delayed. Joy at hearing has been ever since in our hearts.

* * * * *

[*Inserted postscript by A. V. W. J.*—I am doing the scribe act as Kate's right hand is out of commission through an accident, and she found she was not ambidextrous enough to write with the left. The accident happened through dropping a soda water bottle which she was placing on the washstand just after her Persian teacher had left after giving her a lesson yesterday morning. The bottle struck another which broke with an

Baghdad Continued

explosion, inflicting a deep gash in her right wrist. We fortunately obtained a doctor in a few minutes; he took her at once to the Central Dispensary to the surgeon.

Most happily on examination, he found that what seemed to be a dangerous cut, turned out to be a very painful wound, severe enough to require stitching—which she bore like a soldier, magnificently. In spite of the abundant flow of blood, no artery was cut and no nerves severed. So it was accounted a lucky escape; and with Kate's inimitable spirit she was receiving calls from two military friends an hour later, one of whom came to ask her and me to luncheon (a charming Colonel he is) and we both enjoyed the impromptu occasion. Last evening there was a guest at dinner, and this morning, callers after she returned from having the wrist dressed. So everything is going most favorably, and no occasion for worry. (Just this moment she has had another caller. This time a Major. So you see what a popular hostess she is!)

To-night Kate and I have early dinner as I go out of town some seven miles to lecture on Persia, for a Cavalry Brigade, and am invited to give another lecture Friday. Only too glad to be doing a little bit extra besides all the daily routine of work connected with the Commission, which is a busy task.

Kate says I am not an expert hairdresser; she insists that her coiffure looks like a battlefield, but I don't agree with her as I think it is very becoming. We have a great deal of fun about the morning and evening toilet. In a few days her ready pen will be in trim to describe it all.

The news continues great; we have just heard of the fall of Damascus! You know the love we wish to give to all, and tell Lillie so.

Yours,
WILL.]

LETTER XI

DEPARTURE FROM BAGHDAD

Baghdad, October 8.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Will wrote you of my accident. I have had an ugly arm, but fortunately neither the artery nor the nerves were cut so now I am decidedly on the mend. I fell into the hands of a delightful young surgeon, a Captain Pim, and I go every day to have the wrist dressed. That is preceded by Will's dressing me, which, as you may imagine, is a sore trial to us both.

Dr. Judson, as Director, arrived on the sixth at 7.30 p. m. That did us out of a dinner to which we had looked forward with great pleasure, but we were perfectly delighted to have our "Chief" arrive. He is extremely nice, very capable, clear, firm, and fortunately comes armed with authority. I am so glad to have Will relieved of responsibility.

October 10.—We all went out to Baqubah Monday. It is a two hours motor drive over a perfectly flat plain and clouds of dust almost choke you. The only things one meets are donkeys with their Arab riders, wagons, and sometimes a string of camels; occasionally one sees a camel whose travelling across the desert has come to an end. The refugees, Armenians and Syrians, are pouring in by thousands and are being looked after as well as possible. Our party out there are providing work for some of the women,—a part of whom spin, and others make garments on the sewing machines we brought from Bombay.

The other day I put my foot on a post, just outside of the tent where they work, while Will tied my shoe and that caused

Departure from Baghdad

great amusement. These ladies, I fancy, do not receive many attentions from their husbands—indeed when possible, the latter have ridden their donkeys while the women walked. You will never have the right kind of a country until the status of women is what it ought to be, though these people, of course, are mostly ignorant peasants.

I have so regretted that Will and I could not have had a home here in which to receive the many men we have met; they do so enjoy seeing a lady, even an old one like me. They are delighted to have the “sisters” (nurses), but of course they are pretty busy. The day I cut my wrist, the Y. M. C. A. van happened to be at the door and was offered us at once to take me to the dispensary; on the way back, when I spoke to the Tommy who was driving, he said: “You are the first English ‘Laidy’ I have talked to in a long time and it has cheered me up a lot, ma’am”. He was a London coachman, and probably used to ladies.

Four weeks yesterday since we came to Baghdad! They have been pretty uncomfortable weeks, but certainly I shall carry away many pleasant memories. I have never been served with such really loving kindness as here—all male servants of course, and only a few English words between them, but they are eager to wait on us. So is our own particular Persian one, but oh! the lack of language. You should have seen him and Will the other evening, with rapt expression, reciting together an ode of Hafiz! I, in the meantime, was thumbing the dictionary to say my shoes must be cleaned.

To-day Will is at Baqubah and I, *for the first time since leaving home*, have emptied the trunks! I explained to Mehdi Khan as well as I could, to put all the Sahib’s things on his bed, and my things, on mine. He seemed able to pick out the masculine from the feminine garments pretty well, but my

corsets were a puzzle—he held them up and asked if they belonged to the Sahib!

I have spoken of more than one pleasant memory here, and one of the others is the delightful hospitality these charming officers have shown us. I never knew more attractive men; their manners are perfect, their interests wide and varied, and their kindness, wonderful. We have been to three dinners this week and declined another invitation and these entertainments help mightily to pass time pleasantly for me. Will, of course, has a great deal to attend to, but I have not, so I am grateful for these attentions. There are a few civilians here and they too are very kind; one, a banker, is so thoughtful and generous. Yesterday, for instance, Will went off after luncheon with the key, and this man insisted on my making myself comfortable in his room, had his servant put cushions at my back and I read while he worked. He has lent me a chair and books and been so courteous. It certainly is a comfort being on the threshold of fifty; you can quietly enjoy these filial civilities, knowing no one, not even the meanest old cat, can accuse anyone of wanting to flirt with you nor you with him.

In two days we expect to start for Persia, with Teheran as our objective. Dr. Judson has divided the party, taking five of us with him and leaving the others for relief work at Baqubah. We are going in two Ford motors followed by ten vans—six of us of the “officer” class, and fourteen servants, including, of course, the drivers. The vans will be sent back here for more materials. It will be strange for Will to go into Persia in a motor. It will be a very hard drive, for the roads are not smooth boulevards, but the saving in time is great; one can get from here to Teheran in six days. I don’t know how long it will be before we turn our faces homeward,

Departure from Baghdad

but Dr. Judson does not waste time, so I hope we shall not be out here indefinitely.

To-day Captain Pim, my surgeon, and Major Stanley, in charge of the Red Cross, lunched with us. The latter took us through his place the other day and it fascinated me. It is a long time since I have seen such a well-stocked store.

Well, it will be hard to leave these dear Baghdad friends; some of them we shall probably meet in Persia, and should we return this way, many of them will be here. The Turks seem to be so very near the end of their rope, we may have our choice of routes going home. It is perfectly delightful to think that America has (as we hope) saved the day by coming so splendidly into the war; it is nice to have the President of the U. S. A. the most important statesman of the present time, and almost without exception he is spoken of with great admiration. But there is one American who receives unstinted praise from every man in "Mesopotamia", that is Henry Ford. They think he ought to have a peerage!

Love to all
from
KATEWILL.

LETTER XII

ON THE WAY THROUGH PERSIA

Hamadan, Persia, Oct. 25th, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Quite an imposing procession of two touring cars and ten vans set out from Baghdad on Oct. 13th, but we have not sped along as swiftly as we hoped. So many motor diseases attacked us, we finally dropped nine of the vans or rather have stopped waiting for them to catch up with us. The first night, we did not make our expected destination and arrived at another camp after dark and without our kit. Of course, we were wonderfully treated, and would have been given stretchers to sleep on had not our beds arrived about ten. I have learned how to adapt myself to camp life, making up my mind to forget about the dusty ground on which we have to put everything, as there is literally nothing in the tent when we arrive. Sometimes we eat with the officers, but when we arrive unexpectedly, we get our own meals; they give us rations—bully beef, potato chips, bacon, tea, bread or hard tack, and jam. Six of us have come.

Our second night we had crossed the Persian frontier and camped near some ruins which Will was burning to examine; he went without breakfast the next morning and ran a good way to photograph them. With Persia, came the mountains and never in my life have I seen such wonderful colors; perhaps the Bay of Naples is the nearest approach. The sky has been very blue, and the mountains, bare of vegetation, have had the tints of an opal. The country itself is pathetic, nothing but ruined mud villages; the Russians and Turks have been fighting here and the devastation is terrific. All the houses are built merely of mud, with beams only for the roof, so when

these are pulled out, having been taken by the enemy and also used by the owners for fuel, there is not much of a building left. The situation in Persia is somewhat better than it has been, but is still deplorable; we have not seen people dying in the streets, but many you can see are hungry, and the filth is fearful.

We tried to make Kermanshah that day, but at 4.50 p. m. we were told that it was still sixteen miles away, and we had been strongly advised not to travel after dark. Yet I thought if we got in fairly early, as the moon was bright, we might risk it; so when Dr. Judson said I must decide, I said I was game. We had to stop for the other cars a minute in a Kurdish village, which I did not relish. We had also been told (after we had gone many miles), that Kermanshah was much farther away than we had been informed at first, and when one of the cars cut up and we had to stop for a long time. I was not happy. To my intense relief, I spied a small camp, and there we were given tents and most hospitably treated. Oh, the British! This host was particularly attractive. It was a wonderful night, and the mountains, even then, were a beautiful color; just outside the camp was a caravanserai where a caravan had halted, and all during the night, we could hear the tinkling of the camel's bells. It was fearfully cold, so I was not sorry to get up, and as the camp was breaking up at 6.30 we were ready, after an early breakfast, to start.

I was glad to come into Kermanshah by daylight, for it is prettily situated almost in the shadow of a long range of rocky mountains at the end of which is Behistun Rock, the place where Will climbed up to read inscriptions fifteen years ago. It was our first large Persian city, and one day we walked through the bazaar,—very narrow streets with shops on both sides, many people, and dirty, oh! so dirty. A stream

runs through the city and into this all sorts of refuse is thrown; there was the carcass of a horse among other things, yet, people drink this water! A pleasanter experience, however, was the delightful hospitality we received in Kermanshah; Dr. Judson and we stayed at the Bank Manager's house. At present, Mr. Eldrid from Tabriz is in charge, a delightful man whom Will had met fifteen years ago. I did enjoy the comfort, I tell you, and was sorry when the two days devoted to details connected with the Commission were up.

We left early on the morning of Oct. 19th, and Dr. Judson let us make a detour to see some interesting rock carvings, which I am glad to say proved so to all. By noon we reached the famous Rock of Behistun, with its historic Inscription of Darius, and we lunched in front of it. Will got as near the sculptures as possible, but this time, alas! there were no ropes to be had, no guides, nor, above all, time; so he regretfully came back to the car again. I was so grateful to see the great Rock with him.

The road between Kermanshah and Hamadan is very bad, and there is an 8000 ft. pass to get over; needless to say, I was glad to strike the plain. What a joy it was to drive up here to Mrs. Edwards' home at 5.20; never did drawing-room with open fire and tea-table seem so delightful, and the fact that I looked as clean as a chimney-sweep and had to talk French with a Russian colonel did not in the least mar my enjoyment. Mr. Edwards is an Englishman, in the rug business here, and Mrs. Edwards is a New Yorker; on her last visit there she took some work with Will at Columbia. She is bright and very nice and we are so glad to be guests of her and her clever husband, both so attractive.

We had expected to stay here two or three days but the lack of gasoline (petrol the British call it) is keeping us here; I do

hope we shall get away to-morrow, for I am getting tired of this vagabond life and want to get home. In the meantime, the men are holding daily conferences, as Dr. Judson is organizing committees for relief work; the need is very great and the terrible things we have heard about famine conditions last year are perfectly sickening. Prices are exceedingly high, only a few things being cheaper than with us, eggs and meat among them. I do wish I could go out with my arms full of bread, but hundreds of people would spring up out of the ground and I should be crushed. Yesterday, Will and I saw four forlorn little waifs, and alas! I had but two nuts and a milk tablet in my pocket. We carefully divided our meagre store and as we turned to give it, two more children appeared, so more division was necessary; Will then photographed the group, to their intense delight. The children on the whole, behave well, and I believe much could be done in this country if one could only take infants from their homes and train them; the home influence must be something awful. For instance, Mrs. Edwards has a dear little boy, eight months old, whose nurse—a very nice woman, now a Christian,—was married first when she was only nine years old to a young man who was very good to her but who died when he was twenty-five. She married again and was the sixteenth wife of her second husband, who had divorced all his other wives, and they were all living. With this ladykiller she lived fifteen years, when he died.

It seems strange to leave the still great heat of Mesopotamia for this cold; Hamadan is over 6000 feet above sea level, and of course, very cold. We have superb weather here but I expect we shall freeze at nights in tents; and two nights, at least, we shall have to be on the road. Our next city is Kazvin, then comes Teheran. We shall be there probably

several weeks and then turn our faces homeward. If the war is not over, Will and I shall have probably to return the way we came.

It is so cheering to get the good war news, just an outline we have here, in the Reuter dispatches, so you may fancy how I miss my four daily papers; and Dr. Judson is as impatient for news as am I. He is such a nice man, splendidly balanced, and we get on admirably; he is a good business man, clear, firm, and a gentleman to the fingertips. Im so spoilt by the charming manners and manliness of these British, I am more critical than ever. Fortunately, the other half of the Jackson family fills the bill!

Much love to you all

from

KATEWILL.

Postscript, Kazvin, Oct. 28.—The ride from Hamadan to Kazvin was beautiful, particularly just before reaching the Russian Post House where we spent the first night. The proprietor at first said he would not take us in; but when he learned Dr. Post was a physician he was eager to consult him. He turned out two Tommies, gave up his own rooms, and did what he could to make us comfortable. He was an ill man, and Dr. P. was most kind to him.

We arrived at Kazvin in the afternoon; it is not a very interesting place, but Will and I were most hospitably treated by Mr. Hart of the Imperial Bank of Persia, a man whom W. had met in Persia on two previous trips. Both nights he had guests to dinner, among them being General Thomson who, I believe, is Head of the army in these parts. We met also in Kazvin our Consul and his wife from Tabriz, from which city they had to flee when the Turks captured it.

LETTER XIII

THE FIRST WEEKS IN TEHERAN

American Legation
Teheran, Persia.
Nov. 11, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

Two weeks we have been in Teheran; the road from Kazvin here was uninteresting but I did feel a thrill when I entered the gates of Persia's Capital. We went at once to our Legation, where Dr. Judson remained, while we others were taken care of by the missionaries.

No suitable house to lodge the Commission could be found, so our Minister and Mrs. Caldwell kindly asked us all to stay at the Legation. As furniture was scarce, a Zoroastrian friend very kindly loaned us some things, among them being a rug, which fitted our twenty six foot room to the very corners.

We were told to-day that a mail would probably be sent off to Bombay to-morrow and may be one would not go again for a long time, so I must try and get something to you. I have time enough to write but the interruptions are awful, and there is a great deal of noise. The men have made and are receiving a multitude of visits; there are besides meetings with the local Relief Committee and no end of social affairs. Luckily for us, we arrived just when the Allies came out so gloriously on top; that killed pro-Germanism here and made America correspondingly popular. They seem to think there is nothing we can not do, and the suggestions handed in for our consideration, if carried out, would mean the entire re-making of Persia. Dr. Judson arranged matters satisfactorily

in other cities, so I have no doubt he will make a wise decision here. He is perfectly splendid, and so nice, we consider ourselves more than fortunate to have such a Director. I told him God had sent him to us. Mr. Wertheim, also, is fine, and takes his job seriously; being a banker, he knows all about finances, and helps materially to make the Commission important. Dr. Post, the other member of the Commission who came to Persia with us, is the physician of our party; his services in the Relief Work are invaluable, and Allah be praised, he, and not a reckless Hindu driver, has driven the car in which W. and I have travelled. As to Will, there are several young interpreters about the Legation and they have brought me many remarks made about him. I am told for instance, the papers said Professor Jackson's coming was an historic event for Persia! The Persians seem really to have great esteem for him and know him well by reputation.

There is great poverty here and also great riches; I hope the time will come when things are better adjusted than now. The crying need here is transportation; there may be plenty of grain in a place a hundred miles away, and the people in the next town starving for lack of it. The roads are wretched, most of them fit for animals only, and so many of these have died for lack of food, it aggravates the bad conditions. Persia has splendid resources, heaps of coal for instance, yet it is selling for one hundred and fifteen (115) dollars a ton! Charcoal is almost unobtainable, and the poor use it always, so there is another thing to worry about. A great calamity for this country has been the nearness of Russia; it has done every thing in its power to keep Persia from developing. But I hope, this curse having been removed, the Persians will brace up and improve their country; they will need a lot of help.

So much for the dark side, and now to tell you about our

The First Weeks in Teheran

social activities. The Shah received us last week and kept us two hours and a half! He spoke French very well and asked intelligent questions; he is about twenty-two and very stout, has pretty eyes with long lashes; twice he ordered tea served to us, but did not have the fire lighted which we should have much appreciated, Persian houses being like ice-boxes.

Dinners are being given us everywhere. For the first time in its history, the Madjlis (Parliament) gave us a dinner the other night. It was a superb affair. The grounds were illuminated and there were many electric lights in the house and on the table, with dozens of candles in silver candelabra and lots of flowers; it was a fine sight. There were eleven courses, all delicious, and before dessert, a speech was made in Persian to which Dr. Judson very happily responded in English. The Chamber of Commerce also gave us a dinner, and last week there was a delightful dinner-dance at the Imperial Club at which we were the guests of the Persian members. Every one seemed surprised to see the white-haired Jacksons know something about dancing! Of course only European ladies go to social affairs here, in this Mohammedan country, so I am getting to know all the prominent men very well but have not yet seen their wives; some calls are to be arranged for me soon, on the ladies. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs have dined with us, and there are a lot of others, past and to come. I generally have to speak French with these men, for only a few of them know English. One day we had tea at the Ministry of Education, where three young Persians played the violin very well. Afterwards we went to the School of Arts, and it was very interesting to see how well the pupils painted in Western fashion.

We see a good deal of Sir Percy and Lady Cox, very attractive both of them. Yesterday, she and several from her

Legation, accompanied us to Rei, a very ancient city of which now there are practically no traces left; but Zoroaster's mother was born there, and that, and the Parsi Tower of Silence, made Will glad to visit it again. The latter is situated on the side of a mountain in the weirdest, loneliest spot imaginable, and unlike those in India, may be approached by anyone. It seemed a suitable place for such burial as they have, and the view that faced us as we turned away, was superb. As I wrote you before, the coloring on these bare Persian mountains is something indescribably beautiful and last evening it was particularly fine, the most vivid hues changing rapidly to pale amethyst as the sun gave way to a full moon waiting across the valley to shed its own lovely light over the scene. Alexander the Great had been over the same route we were traversing and we were leaving behind us the ruins of a city that flourished seven or eight centuries before Christ, enough to make one motor home in a thoughtful mood.

When the news of the signing of the Armistice came, we felt we must effervesce some way, so we decorated two cars with American flags and drove to the British Legation. There we enthused Sir Percy and Lady Cox, who in turn had their cars hung with British flags and we all proceeded to the French, Belgium and Russian Legations to call. I could not help feeling how funny it was to be celebrating our great victory by riding around the streets of this far-away capital. You do not know how hard it is not to get the New York papers, although we do get the Reuter dispatches.

Mrs. Caldwell gives a dinner to-night so I had better stop. I have written you a great deal about so-called pleasure, but there is a serious side to our stay here and I hope some good will result from it. I understand now the deep interest Will and others have taken in Persia, and I trust I will live to see

The First Weeks in Tcheran

the day of its renaissance, for its possibilities, its beauties, are too great to allow it to go to ruin for lack of help.

We hope to leave about the first of December, but are not sure of our route. We all very much fear that the quickest one, Baku, Batum, will be impossible and that we shall have to return to Baghdad.

(*Later*). It will be possible now to go via Europe instead of Japan, Allah be praised! as it is so much shorter. Best of love to all from,

KATEWILL.

LETTER XIV

TEHERAN AND HOMEWARD BOUND

Batum on the Black Sea.

Dec. 14, 1918.

DEAR NANNIE:—

A letter I wrote you in Teheran several weeks ago, I am still carrying with us, as we think *we* are the quickest post that has left Persia in a long time. To our surprise and intense delight, we are able to return this way; from Teheran to Kazvin, Resht, Enzeli, across the Caspian Sea to Baku, thence to Tiflis, Batum, Constantinople, probably Taranto, Rome, Paris, London, New York! We have had a marvellous trip from start to finish, and I have written you I fear, in a stupid way about it, up to the second week in Teheran, as I recall. There were many business meetings there where relief measures were decided on; famine conditions are better, but still bad enough. Life in Persia will never be comfortable until transportation is different, as now it is sometimes with the greatest difficulty things can be carried a hundred miles. The country is a succession of huge plains surrounded by the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen; but to transport freight and people over the passes there are only animals, many of the roads not being fit for carriages let alone motors. As thousands of animals have perished of hunger since the war, it is dreadfully hard to get provisions from the places where they exist, to the places where they do not. The Persians knew, we, as Americans, had come solely to help and not to get anything, so our Commission had a wonderful reception.

The poor people alas! have little, but there is plenty if one

has money enough, and many were the dinners given in our honor. Cabinet Ministers, Princes, rich merchants and the foreign Ministers invited us to their homes. We were also guests of honor at the two Clubs, and guests likewise, one evening, of the Cossack Officers, Russian and Persian (the troops are Persian).

I was taken also to call on several ladies of "high degree", among others the Prime Minister's wife, the wife of the Master of the Hunt, an aunt of the Shah, and others. This last lady is very intelligent, though she, like all of them, leads a secluded life. Infant mortality in Persia is about 70%, so it is greatly to this woman's credit that all of her nine children are still living. Most of the women have their homes arranged in quasi-western style, at least they receive one in such rooms; but in one place, we were shown into a real Persian room, and sat on the floor on a little platform with cushions at our backs, and our feet under a table, covered with a big satin quilt. Under this table was a brazier with charcoal, and as I struck a rather warm day for this call, my toes in patent leather shoes did some quiet squealing. Scarcely any of the Persian ladies speak French, but I always went with one of the Missionary ladies who spoke Persian. I don't know what on earth I should have done in Teheran had I not spoken French; with the women it was easy enough as they were not able to converse much better than children, and my interpreter asked them very simple questions for me. The men, however, are educated and there was plenty to talk about with them. The old-fashioned women seemed quite content with their lot, but some of the others were, I think, very unhappy; they must compare themselves with us and rebel against their treatment—and think what it must mean when there are several wives! Of course there is always the chief one, and she can't be

divorced unless her dowry is returned. But there are so-called "temporary wives". It is all a grand mix-up, very revolting to our ideas, and I took good pains to tell many of the men their country would never amount to much until women were treated differently.

One of the dinners given us, as I have told you, was in the House of Parliament, the first time such a thing was ever done; it was a superb banquet. The nicest luncheon was given by an uncle of the Shah, the only other guests, besides ourselves, being his three brothers. It was out in the country at the place I mentioned, called Rei, which was formerly a great city centuries before Christ. This Prince owns the site and gave us each a gold coin, a very old one, which had been dug up there. It was a perfect day, and the mountains were dazzlingly beautiful. As we drove through one of the multi-colored city gates, with a blue mosque to one side of it and the glorious mountains as a background, I thought it was one of the loveliest pictures I had seen in the Orient, and I have seen many.

The Minister of Education invited Will to lecture at the University, and I was immensely pleased when, after the lecture he was presented with an order, that of the Lion and the Sun; it was quite a surprise to both of us, and as every one said, greatly merited. The evening before we left, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Shah's Master of Ceremonies called and bestowed orders on Dr. Judson, Dr. Post, Mr. Wertheim and Will, and gave me a diamond ring. We felt very fine, and it was nice to have one of the men from the Foreign Office tell me that they often gave orders for diplomatic reasons, but all agreed it had never given them such pleasure as to do so for the American Commission. It is very pleasant at present to be an American in foreign lands, and it

is particularly pleasant to be a member of an American Commission; it is distinctly nice to have people wonder if one's President will allow this, or advise that, or do thus and so, for such and such a country. Dr. Judson has had delegation after delegation call and present their case, Persians of all kinds, Armenians, Syrians, Tartars, Georgians, etc. We have found the British everywhere delightful and are glad to be their Allies. I don't think it is because I belong to the Anglo-Saxon race I think it so superior; but I have seen enough of the world to compare it with others, and I must say, every time the odds are in our favor. We saw a great deal of Sir Percy and Lady Cox and liked them immensely. The British Legation in Teheran is large and comfortably furnished and the grounds are beautiful. All the other countries have nice legations there and it is only our great country that makes its Minister hire anything he can get—such a draughty, dingy place as ours there was!

Of course there are many, many more things I could write you about our stay in Teheran, but I shall have to tell you instead when we get home. How I ever got packed, I don't know, for the interruptions were tremendous; lots of people called the afternoon before, and even on Monday morning. We were to have started at nine, but the lazy Hindu drivers we brought from Bombay (trifling as some of our darkies) managed not to be ready till 10.30. We found what space our numerous parcels and bags would permit, and drove away from a garden full of friends and acquaintances, and salaaming servants. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, and Mr. Bader the Consul, accompanied us to the nearest village, and the last person we saw whom we knew, was the Prime Minister to whom we waved as he came along preceded and followed by clattering Cossacks. It was very late when we arrived at Kazvin

and our host had asked people to meet us. I could hardly keep awake after dinner, and in the morning, we had to get up at half past five.

Our drive that morning was over a pass, with most beautiful scenery. Just as we neared the foot, a little before sunset, we passed the longest camel train I have ever seen; animal after animal, with its pack, walked along in stately fashion and I longed for a picture of the whole scene, with camels, drivers and the mountainous background, bathed in the beautiful sunset colors. Will did his best with a Kodak, but even should it turn out well, it can be but a reminder of the actual picture.

At last we left the mountains which had been such a keen joy to me for weeks, and we reached what they call the "jungle"—trees on the hillside which gradually became level. For a long time, we had known only sunlight and, in consequence, dust; so it seemed perfectly delightful to smell the damp earth once more, for it rains a lot in that part of Persia. It is a rice-growing country and very unhealthy, as the pallid faces of the natives show; there is great distress there which Dr. Judson took steps to try and alleviate. There are no hotels in Persia except two or three awful ones in Teheran, so at Resht some of us stopped with Dr. and Mrs. Frame, missionaries, the others with the Bank Manager.

After a day's rest, we went on to Enzeli on the Caspian Sea, about ten miles away and took the boat, a very dirty one, but pointed in the right direction. It was afternoon when we sailed, and though the sun was not shining, there was a wonderful golden light on a fine range of snow-covered mountains. I watched them till it faded and thought it a fitting farewell, that mountains which had greeted my gaze as I

entered Persia, were also the last bit I saw of the land of the Lion and the Sun.

The next morning about ten, we reached Baku, and one of the British General's aides met us and took us to the hotel. There have been Turks, Bolsheviki and Armenians and Tartars, all fighting there, so the town was rather a sorry looking place; still it had pavements and at present was quiet, and I had the pleasure of walking, and sometimes, by myself, quite unusual after Persia. There Will had no time to walk with me, and it was so little fun having our servant go with me, I used to stay at home.

In Baku and the adjacent country, the Tartars and Armenians loathe each other. Last September, the Tartars massacred some twenty thousand Armenians as a return compliment to the Armenians who last March killed twelve thousand Tartars. One Armenian boasted of having killed sixty-six, but in a report of the Bishop, great stress was laid on the horrible cruelty of the Tartars and their fearful September massacre, while the Armenian massacre last Spring was called "the events in March"!

There is tremendous work to be done out here by the British and other Allies before certain parts of Asia are fit to live in. The British have some splendid men in Baku, their Chief, General Thomson who is only thirty-eight, being one of the best all-round specimens of manhood I have ever known. Will and I had tea with him and his staff the afternoon before leaving Baku. He sent his aides the next morning to put us on the train, and six Tommies, who to their intense joy are being allowed to go home, accompanied us as guards and servants. We had a car to ourselves and proceeded in most leisurely fashion expecting to come straight on to Batumi; but

the Government of Georgia begged us to stop over as their guests at Tiflis.

We arrived at Tiflis at 8 a. m. and found the town all decorated, as it was the first anniversary of the National Guard. We did not like red flags everywhere, but the more moderate natives assured us they were not as socialistic as they seemed. Tiflis is the Capital of Georgia and notwithstanding the fact the country became a part of Russia and was almost Russianized, the natives still retain their language and their love of country. They are crazy now to have a Republic, one of the many this war will produce, and they point with pride to the fact that Georgia is the only part of Russia where Bolshevism was kept out. They have also been Christians since the third or fourth century and one thing that impressed us all, is their great respect for women. As Dr. Judson says, they have a home life, something their Mohammedan neighbors lack. The Committee that took charge of us was composed of very pleasant people, among them a Prince and Princess of old lineage, a general who had been in the Russian army, a very attractive man, a doctor, etc. They gave us three delicious meals, rooms to rest in, and took us sight-seeing, finally bringing us to a train which carried only us, at 11 p. m.

We reached here, Batum, the next night and had to stay—such a hotel! quite the filthiest I have ever seen. We all slept on camp beds as a precautionary measure! Mr. Balfour has ordered a British man-of-war to take us to Taranto, and at daylight Dr. Post knocked at our door and said the boat would be ready for us in three quarters of an hour. We promptly got ready for the boat, which did not arrive till later and which cannot sail till to-morrow. We can scarcely wait till the time comes, and in the meantime, have cast many

grateful glances at the Black Sea, the connecting link between us and home.

H. M. S. "Forward"—in the Gulf of Corinth.—We left Batum on this Cruiser in the loveliest weather imaginable. Two high ranges of snow peaks run on either side of the town and for a long distance; in the sunlight, they looked superb. All went well that day, but oh! the next. This boat shook dreadfully and rolled a lot, so although I have sailed on many seas, I lowered my colors for the first time this trip, on the Black Sea. Our Captain, such a nice fellow, gave me his cabin (General Townshend and also Venizelos once occupied it, as passengers) which made me feel very badly, until he assured me he always slept in his quarters on the bridge; Will slept on his camp bed, and to my delight there was a private bath for our use. It certainly was an unusual experience for me to be a passenger on a British man-of-war, but it has been a very agreeable one. A British General whom we know quite well came along also and our meals have been pleasant affairs.

On the 17th we reached Constantinople and were fortunate to have fine weather in the Bosphorus which was beautiful; the harbor was filled with Allied war ships, and a military lorry took us all and our big pile of luggage to the Pera Palace Hotel, the same one Will and I stopped at before. You can't have any conception of the delight it was to us to get to a first class hotel, even though lack of coal prevented warm baths, and also, heat; but we did not suffer from the cold. We got good food but the prices were perfectly exorbitant. Constantinople is as dirty as ever, being far more attractive to look at from a ship—at least, I think so. The Bazaar is filled with trashy Western things, and the shops in the principal streets charge enormously for everything. Fortunately W. and I

had done the sights religiously before, so this time we went only to St. Sophia (very dingy it looks) and for a few minutes to the Museum.

For a time we did not know how we were to continue our trip; but Dr. Judson saw the British Admiral, who is the Commanding officer, and to our joy word came we were to be carried to Taranto on the same boat. To-day we went through the Corinth Canal, which is about four miles long and only 80 ft. wide. This is the largest boat that can get through, and it is no easy job, I fancy. Unfortunately it was a rainy day, but one could easily imagine how superb the scenery about here is. We expect to reach Taranto to-morrow and go straight to Paris, where I shall mail all of our letters. As Dr. Judson said, we did not come out for pleasure, but we have had many pleasant times, and altogether, it has been a wonderful experience. We are all longing for home now, though, and thank fortune, it will not be long before we get there.

Much love to all
from
KATEWILL.

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